

to tatou oranga, ko reira hoki koutou whakakitea taitia ai me Ia i runga i te kororia.—Korohio iii. 4.

Kote kainga tera o te tangata whakapono kei ko i a te Karaiti, kei roto i te kororia. Anana te pai o tora kainga i ko i a te Karaiti ra!

E TIKA ATU ANA KOE KO REIRA?

E koro tatoue matau ki 'Tona haerenga mai ki te man atu i a ratou e arohangia ana e Ia ki te noho tonu ki a Ia.

(KI NOA TAMARIKI).

KO TE HIPHI.

— 10: —

H A au e haere tata atu ana ki tetahi nohoanga Hipihi, haere atu ana ahau ki roto i a ratou, hoko ana ahau i etahi o a ratou rakau whakakoikoi, a ka rongo ahau e mate ana tetahi o ratou, ka mea atu ahau kia ratou kia kite ahau i a ia. Kapatai mai te papa.

"E hiahia ana koe kia kororotia atu ki a ia te tikanga mo te whakapono?"

"Kahore." "He aha oti." "Mo te Karaiti." Koia me haere koe; e ngari ki te mea he korero tau ki a ia mo te whakapono, ka whakangaua koe ki tuku kararehe!"

Rokohina atu e ahau ko te tamaiti anake i te takotoranga, i roto i te moenga, ko te mate he koki a kiko, kua tata ki te mate. E moe ana nga kanohi, a metemea nei kua mate ke. Ka ata korero ahau ki tona taringa i te Karaipitara, "Koia ano te aroha o te Atua ki te ao, homi ana e Ia Tana Tanu, kia kahore ai e mate te tangata a whakapono ana ki a Ia, otira kia whiwhi ki te orangatouutunga."—Hoani iii. 16. Tuarimatia atu ana e ahau kahore i ki mai; metemea nei kahore ona taringa i rongo. No te tuaromatanga atu, ka titiro uga kanohi ka menemene mai nga paparinga. Kua ki iti ake ia me te ora o tuku ngakau. "Aue kahore ano ahau kia taikiha atu ki a Ia! Otira kahore he tangata i korero mai ki a au! Ka tahuri ahau kia maha he taikiha maku ki a Ia. Kahore he rawa i pai mai ai Ia ki a au Hipihi rawakore! Kua marama ahau! E taikiha atu ana ahau mo Tona aroha mai ki

his eyes and smiled. To my delight he whispered, "And I never thanked Him! But *nobody ever told me!* I 'turn Him many thanks. Only a poor gypsy chap! I see! I see! I thank Him kindly!"

He closed his eyes with an expression of intense satisfaction. As I knelt beside him I thanked God. The lips moved again. I caught "That's it." There were more words, but I could not hear them.

On going the next day, I found the dear lad had died (or rather had fallen asleep in Christ) eleven hours after I left. His father said he had been very "peacable," and had a "tidy death." There was no Bible or Testament in the encampment. I left one of each. The poor man wished me "good luck," and gave me a little bundle of skewers the "boy Jimmy" had made.

My fellow-sinner, it was apparently the first time this dear boy ever heard of God's salvation, and with unquestioning faith he took God at His word, and with his dying lips thanked Him that He so loved the world as to give His Son for him, "a poor gypsy chap." God is satisfied with the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. This poor lad was also satisfied, and this mutual satisfaction was instant and everlasting salvation. In eleven short hours he exchanged that forlorn, rickety caravan for the paradise of God, he fully believed that God is as good as His word.

If you have not with your heart said "Amen" to God's way of saving lost sinners, you are on the extreme verge of that death which God calls "eternal," and Christ has the keys of hell and of death. But the "grace of God that bringeth salvation" is brought before you this day. Oh, will you refuse it and pass on to "the great white Throne" lying ahead of you, and at last find your portion in the fire that "never can be quenched?" O, will you pause, yes, believe, and "turn Him many thanks?"

My fellow-believer, may God forbid that any one within your reach or mine should ever have occasion to say, with regard to these everlasting realities, the awful words, "Nobody ever told me."